

### Maestro Insana Goes West XV

Fresno, where stopping at the motel of  
The same name, we walked to Riding Park  
And saw white flowers as big as our heads  
Grow on a tree, paid two-bits to be insulted  
By the chimps in the zoo, a modest but  
Provocative little bestiary. And after  
The smorgasbord we fell asleep to the tune  
Of Magic Fingers walking. We shall return.

### Maestro Insana Goes West XVI

Early morning and the deer sponging food  
Along the roadside (easy marks, we tourists),  
Tossing bread crusts, snapping color slides  
With which to bore our friends and onward  
And upward to Glacier Point. There, down  
In the valley a white bird sails on the wind --  
Species: Beechcraft Bonanza. Water, water,  
Falls everywhere. Nevada, Iililouette, Ribbon,  
Sentinal, the great Upper and Lower and more.  
Not God's country but ours. Half Dome to the right,  
El Capitan on the left, and we like stout Cortezes  
Standing silent upon this viewpoint in Yosemite.

### Maestro Insana Goes West XVII

We're off to see the hippies, the wonderful  
Hippies of ... Chinatown, my Chinatown ... those  
Broadway topless rhythms got us on the go-go!  
We ensconced in the Oxford House, making daily  
Cable trips to the bay, walking, walking,  
Telegraph Hill, City Lights, not so much of  
A bookshop after all, the Vesuvio, near the  
Park the banana lovers, at the Wharf the fresh  
Shrimp looking like overgrown maggots, a Golden  
Gate painted red. And we left our hearts in San  
Francisco, but before we left, we had them served up  
Raw, looking like slices of cold watermelon, and  
Called roast beef. It's a great place to visit,  
But you wouldn't want to have your sister eat there.